DEATH AT OUR WINDOWS!

TOGETHER WITH

OPPRESSION!

TWO

POETIC LECTURES,

HUMBLY ADDRESSED

To the MAJESTY of the PEOPLE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Some MORAL and POLITICAL APHORISMS,

In ſeveral very curious ACROSTICS.

By the Author of a POETIC LECTURE on LOTTERIES.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH LARGE ADDITIONS,

PARTICULARLY

SOLOMON's advice to his SON!

Or the TOUCH-STONE of PATRIOTISM,

A POETICAL SERMON, on *Prov.* i. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Da pia jura Viris:—Da leges omnibus æquas.

Recte Viv. Ratio.

"*The happineſs of the Subject ſhould be the end of all government; when it ceaſes to be ſo, the links that form the chain, will proportionably be diſunited.*"

Treatiſe on the Cauſes of Depopulation, &c.

Public Freedom is the Source of National DIGNITY, *and of National* FELICITY. Conſtitutional Society.

Printed for and Sold by R. HAWES, the Corner of Dorſet-Street, Spitalfields, W. BATTERSBY and SON, Biſhopſgate-Street; and T. MARTIN, No. 42, *Shoreditch*.

Price SIX-PENCE, or *Five-Shillings* a dozen.

AN ACROSTICAL DEFINITION OF THE TERM,
TO THE MAJESTY* OF THE PEOPLE.

I.

THERE cannot be a *State* without *degrees*,
Or mete we Earth, or compaſs we the Seas;
This clear poſition no man can deny:
Huſh, then, ſtern minion! what wouldſt thou reply?
Except we only, —The Primeval Spring,
Man's Founder, Nature's univerſal KING:
Alone HE ſtands, by no Degrees confin'd:
Immenſe HIS Power—Who can ſcale HIS Mind?
Empires from HIM their origin derive:
Submit, ye kings, to HIM ſubmit, and live.

BRITISH MUSEUM

II.

Thus think we then, of that ambiguous Term
Yclept, "*Your Majeſty:*" — we *now* affirm,
O Men, O *People*, next to GOD YE ſtand
Foremoſt in rank, to ſave a ſinking Land!
'Tis by your voice the kings deputed are
High *ſervants* o'er you: 'tis *Your* crown they wear:
Exalted or depos'd, in every age,
Prieſts, Princes by you fill th' hiſtorian's page:
Examine that: then tell me, ye who can,
Of which the greater,---*All*, or but *one* man?

III. *Quintuplet.*

Perpend it, ye who *Third* in order reign:
Let Kings by *equal* Laws their *ſtate* maintain;
Each public grievance is a *regal* ſtain.
O ne'er your ſacred Majeſty profane:
Hear and redreſs---whoe'er *oppreſs'd* complain.

* The real Majeſty of the People cannot be confined to this or that Deſcription of Men; it reſides in the loweſt Cottage with the ſame Dignity as in the lofty Manſion; nor is it bound down by Acts of Parliament, nor the cumberſome forms of Statute Law; its Rights are inherent in itſelf, and it reſides in the aggregate Body of the People, where it wiſely ſleeps till extreme Danger rouſes it; when waking in its collected Strength, it is ſuperior to all control; and if neceſſary can make and unmake Laws and Kings.—Its ſtrength is in its Numbers; its force in their united Power, and the Courage they derive from the Goodneſs of their Cauſe.

Public Advertiſer, Feb. 1784.

LECTURE I.

DEATH at our WINDOWS.

Jeremiah IX. 21.

FOR DEATH IS COME UP INTO OUR WINDOWS, AND IS ENTERED INTO OUR PALACES, TO CUT OFF——

FRIENDS, I crave your attention. Our Lecture's To-Night
On a Subject important——

PRIVATION OF LIGHT.

Refraining from Preface, verboſe, and ſervile,
Deſigning a free, a plain *Engliſhman*'s ſtile,
Entreating your Patience—Before you I ſtand,
A new, and as yet inexperienc'd Hand.

That we may not (Imprimis) of Theſis loſe ſight,
Here let me repeat it——*Privation of Light!*

In how many views may a ſpiritual Mind
See this Sentence—and pity the *Dark* and the *Blind!*

Conſider we Man, in his primitive State,
O his *Light* was then clear as his power was great!
Malevolence then had no *place* in his heart;
Earth had not as yet ſeen *Corruption* nor *Art*;
Unknown was *Oppreſſion*;—*Ambition* unknown;
Peace, and *Plenty*, and *Freedom* were truly his own.

It lasted not thus: for the *Father of Lies*,
Nam'd by MILTON—"the Tempter"—his Happiness eyes:
Then plots his Destruction, and with dire Success
Obtains it: and with it, all human Distress.
Our *Windows* of *Reason*, our *Casements of Sense*,
Universally then became void of Defence;
Repentance is therefore incumbent on all
Who *Adam and Eve* their Progenitors call.

If this (as it ought) is receiv'd and desired—
New *Joys* will soon open, new *Lights* be admired;
Death will not for ever our Windows obscure,
Our Eyes shall behold *all our Ministers Pure*!
We shall not lament an exertion of *Power*
So severe, so ungrateful, as aught to devour;
As aught to abridge which kind Heaven design'd,
Notwithstanding our Crimes to be *free as the Wind*.*

Do we call ourselves *Patriots*? let us pursue
Intentions benignant whatever we do.
Submitting to *You*, then, with duteous respect,
Earls, *Prelates*, and *Sovereign*; did ye reflect,
No Scheme would ye sanction, no Edict decree,
That does not with *Liberty* sweetly agree.
Examine, I therefore, devoutly intreat,
Review the Suggestions I lay at your Feet.
Examine your Conduct: "*O give us our Rights!*"‡
Dear *Statesmen*, remove our *Privation of Lights!*

If ye wish to yourselves or Pleasure or Peace,
Now, *now* let all *Acts* † *unphilanthropic* cease.

T

* "He maketh his Sun to shine on the just and on the unjust, on the Evil and on the Good," and requires no Tribute for the use thereof; but that of grateful Admiration.

‡ Major Cartwright.

† With respect to many Taxes; they are not much unlike Mercurials in an Apothecary's Shop; and the Person or Persons who prescribe and administer them, ought sure-

ly

Turn your *Optics* within; and ſo ſhall you find
Out a way to *enrich*, whilſt you *govern* Mankind;
o

ly to be thoroughly acquainted with their *Qualities* and Mode of Operation, as well as with the very delicate Conſtitution and Habits of their Patient, or they would often prove no better than Political Empirics, and do more harm than good.

The Rev. and truly excellent Dr. HUNTER obſerves, in his *Sacred Biography*, Vol. II. p. 351. "Princes live not to themſelves but to the Public; and the happineſs of Millions is Felicity infinitely ſuperior to every ſordid, every ſelfiſh gratification." Now if *all* Miniſters were to imbibe the Spirit which indites this Sentiment; if they truly knew themſelves and what they were about, would they preſcribe any Meaſure for the Public Welfare, that muſt neceſſarily be productive of more *Evil* than *Good* in its *ſecret* Operation? certainly not. The Tax upon Horſes perhaps, if analized, will be found of this Species; for Inſtance, they would not be thought cruel or barbarous—yet, if a Poor Man, who had been accuſtomed to keep two Horſes, cannot now do it becauſe he cannot pay the Duty, and he therefore parts with one; conſequently, Double muſt be the Labour of his ſingle Beaſt——and as many who have kept only a ſingle Horſe, with much ado before, cannot now keep that one on account of the Licence, Turnpikes, &c. the poor Animal is ſold to the Dog Butcher, and the poorer Man, muſt clap the Collar on his own Neck, and drag his Load himſelf, whilſt an Officer claims and receives ſomething from the dead Carcaſe, for a Stamp on his Hide; of this I have ſeen an Inſtance. Again. To ſay nothing of diſfiguring and ſpoiling the Beauty of Houſes, by blocking or daubing up Windows, which are to a Building, what Eyes are to a *Creature*. Is it not exceeding hard for a Day Labourer, who cannot afford to pay the extra Duty, and whoſe Landlord is alſo unable, to be obliged to quit his Lodgings, or to work at his Buſineſs with half the Light he formerly enjoyed? Is this Tax mild, benevolent, and generous in its Influences? Let common Senſe determine.

With reſpect to the propoſed Taxes on *Gloves*, *Servants* and *Retail Shops*, what ſhall we ſay? what can we think?

Is

O let your *Examples* proclaim you ſincere
Unto all who may read your great Names far or near :

R.

Is there not a cauſe for complaining? why low the Oxen? Are the Midling Part of the People to be marked and pen'd like Slaves appointed for the market; or ſold like Sheep devoted to the ſlaughter? Are the Privileges received, the profits enjoyed, and the general protection immediately or conſequently derived from their ſuppoſed Repreſentatives and deputed Managers, fully proportioned to the high price demanded for them? *Quod vis tibi fieri, fac alteri*, is a maxim the great Framer and Saviour of the Univerſe has laid down as that to which every human purpoſe ſhould be brought, ſo far as it concerns the reciprocal intercourſe of ſociety, and as that Law by which every reaſonable individual, let his ſtation and circumſtances in life be what they may, ſhould ſtill try and govern himſelf; But miniſters and kings eſpecially, or ever they ſuffer any propoſal for Tribute to be carried into execution ought ſolemnly in their private meditations to exchange conditions and put themſelves in the place of thoſe perſons who are moſt likely to be affected hindered or hurt by ſuch propoſitions; and if ſuppoſing they themſelves were ſhopkeepers inſtead of bi*ſhops*, ſervants inſtead of lords, *Glovers* inſtead of Chancellors, *Pawnbrokers*, or houſholders obliged to *pawn*, perhaps to raiſe the Tribute, inſtead of *Legiſlators*, &c. I ſay if they would humanely *ſuppoſe* themſelves of this or that Occupation, which they were about to declare as a proper object of Taxation, whatever it might be, and if, after maturely weighing it in the balance of a fair and tender conſcience, they could ſtretch forth their Right hand towards Heaven, laying their Left upon the Book of the Evangeliſts, and ſay,—It is fair, it is meet; it is expedient—it is according to the Rules of Equity, *Philanthropy*, and Scripture; it is doing what I would ſolemnly wiſh ſhould be done for me and my People, was I the Emperor To-day, who muſt ratify the Deed and be reſponſible for it at the awful Tribunal of the Judge of All Tomorrow—and it is what I would equally propoſe and humbly endeavour to bring to paſs was I an Artificer of the identical Craft in queſtion, in ſuitable circumſtances.

Remember you are but as ſtewards at beſt;
Political Stewards! O give us this Teſt:

A

cumſtances to contribute my ſhare towards the ſum it is intended to produce: becauſe I have ſurveyed it in all its operations, I have traced it in all its meandrings, and hoping I have ſome of that knowledge which experience beſt can give, I am perſuaded of its grateful efficacy; the Work of Neceſſity indeed, but the Faith of *Love* is in it; it is for the general Good; it is for the Glory of God!"——I ſay, if ſuch an Introduction as this, from the Lips of ingenuous Independent Dignity was actually to precede on the indiſputable ground of Truth every money-bill, who could then object to ſuch wholeſome, ſuch ſalutary, ſuch benign meaſures as ſuch ſage premiers would move for and deſire, ſuch pious ſovereigns admit, adopt and ſign?—On the contrary, who can be ſilent, who can help objecting to, who would be free from ſinning againſt their conſcience, their king, the public, and their country, if they did not oppoſe, as the Bible directs, whatever is partial, unequal, unjuſt, unmerciful; and is not the *Shop-Tax* each and all of theſe? In a word, Who that delights in the Name BRITANNIA—where is the genuine *Patriot* her Son, who does not perpetually wiſh *None but the Good might preſide over him?* He does not want to diſturb the public Tranquillity, no: but he wiſhes for the increaſe of that good Government the Prince of Peace came to eſtabliſh: By praying that *Deſpotiſm* may be CHECKED, and *Tyranny foreclоſed*, he ſtrives for univerſal *Peace* upon Chriſtian principles; and as he cannot but lament there ſhould be any now-a-days ſo proud, ſo ſelfiſh and ſo unreaſonable, as to *lay heavy burdens upon other mens ſhoulders, which they* themſelves *will not even ſo much as touch with one of their fingers*—ſo he cannot but ever wiſh the Hand of Omnipotence may be ſweetly exerted to remove ſuch burdens from the galled ſhoulders of the weak, the indigent and the afflicted, and tranſfer them to the broad and ſturdy backs of the high, the affluent and the Noble: but eſpecially to thoſe amongſt them, whoſe hearts are as *fat as greaſe*. Pſalm cxix. 70. I ſay, ſuch are the harmleſs wiſhes of every ſolid *Patriot*.——His generous Soul is all Sympathy: he ſhudders at the idea of *Oppreſſion*. His very ears

tingle

Ah let us be thankful, *ye act not for gain*:
Let nothing *unchriſtian* your Characters ſtain:

A

tingle at the ruſtling of a murmur. *Who is offended and he does not burn?* Is any particular uſeful Art, which has for ages been carrying on, free from ſhackles and incumbrances, now about to be clogged and impeded with the Yoke of an Exciſe—which coſt the profeſſors of it perhaps a large ſum, and ſeven long years to learn: and a much larger afterwards with vaſt application before he could enjoy it? alas! muſt the ingenious Artiſt never obtain his perfect Freedom? after all his difficulties, muſt he annually be ſubject to a fine for following his profeſſion, and be moreover hourly paying his *Twopence* for every diſcharge he receives in a land of Liberty? Does not every *Patriot* naturally look into the Cauſe of ſuch Proceedings, and lamenting over them, enquire;—What has this or that good Subject done beyond others, that he muſt be watched and fined continually; that his houſe muſt be perpetually open to ſtrangers, and to Officers, to take an account of his ſubſtance, of his conduct, and to diſcover both his art and his ſecrets? Why muſt one fare ſo hardly, while another is ſquandering, or firing, or *flying* away, with that which ſo lately came out of his ſcanty pocket, *unreſtrained, unreproved, unnoticed?* Why muſt this artiſt be treated thus, and ſingled out to bear a greater ſhare of the public burthen than that *parſon*, (for are there no *parſons* by trade as well as *taylors* by profeſſion?) than that *clergyman*, that *doctor*, that *confectioner*, that *poulterer*, that *turner*, that *ſmith?* Are not all theſe his fellow men, his brethren and fellow-ſubjects, and ought they not therefore to be equally and not *partially and ſeparately* taxed, and that but in ſtrict proportion to their reſpective circumſtances? Does the ſtrength and dignity of the nation conſiſt more in the magnitude of its revenue, not equally collected, not wiſely improved, than in the favour of Heaven, than in the Affection of the People? Is the *Shop-Tax* partial and *oppreſſive* or is it not? if it is not, the majority of ſhopkeepers who are the majority of the kingdom, taken together, would never unite to proteſt, and petition Heaven and Earth againſt it: if it is, no true Chriſtian *Patriot*, no uncorrupt ſtateſman, no genuine Repreſentative of any city,

to

As Death will moſt certainly, ſpeedily riſe,
Come into your Chambers, and cover your Eyes;

E

or commercial body whatſoever, can dare to perſiſt in *forcing it down*! or if they ſhould be ſo obſtinate and ſo infatuated, then the People have but one peaceable alternative left, viz. to collect in formidable majeſty in the name of the King of Kings, and ſay unto *Oppreſſion* as He does to the foaming Ocean, "*Hitherto haſt thou come*, but *here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed.*"

The Tax on Soap and Candles, might likewiſe be examined in the ſame manner. Would Gentlemen be thought inimical to Induſtry and Cleanlineſs? No: if they were told they were ſo, they would revolt at the Idea. Yet by this and recent Demands Candles and Soap are now more than double their original Price, ſo that many poor Labourers, Priſoners, &c. muſt now be obliged to wear their filthy Rags a Week or two longer, who uſed to manage at leaſt to be clean on Sundays, and abſolutely pay indirectly, a Tribute of more than one Penny per Head for that Privilege. I was in a Houſe not long ſince, where once a genteel Family had been juſt diſtrained for Pariſh Taxes; they uſed notwithſtanding their Misfortunes, ſometimes to enjoy themſelves a little of an Evening. They told me they were obliged to go to Straw with the Cattle, ſuch was their Diſtreſs---thro' the dearneſs of the common Neceſſaries of Life, owing to the want of Employ *from*, and of Sympathy *in* their Superiors, ſo that they had not Money to buy a ſingle Candle. I aſk then, do ſuch Taxes as theſe operate, in increaſing the felicity of Millions, in oppoſition to the ſordid, ſelfiſh Gratification of the Projectors of them, or of the lordly Individuals empowered to collect and receive them? Is it lawful, is it not the bounden Duty of any Briton, if he has the faculty of Speaking or Writing, ſubmiſſively to propoſe others, that might be productive of ſufficient Sums for the purpoſes of Government, without burdening the inferior Orders of the People at all? Let me humbly offer one opinion. Let then our higheſt Officers, like Nehemiah, immediately, if they have ample Eſtates of their own, be content with the Honors of their Station, without the Emoluments for a Seaſon; or at leaſt, let them ſpontaneouſly divide and give up half their enor-

 mous

Extinguiſh your Windows of corporal ſight,
See *now*, for yourſelves, that your Spirits are right;
Then will his approach to ſever your Thrend
Of Life, be received without Terror or Dread:
Complacent you'll meet him, you'll welcome that Friend;
Unclouded ſhall be your illuſtrious *End*.
Then your Works too ſhall follow:—each noble deſign
Obtain'd or attempted for ever ſhall ſhine:
For *all* who as *Chriſtians*, or *Patriots*‡ die,

F

mous ſtipends. Let moſt Penſioners too reſign their Penſions, out of pure Patriotiſm; for the Pleaſure and Glory of performing the Actions which acquired them, muſt ſurely have been ſo ſweet as to admit of Repetition,; and the joy of reſigning what they do not ſtrictly want, will be perhaps a greater Exploit than ſinking a Fleet, taking a Town, or inventing or improving any engine of human deſtruction. Let all who enjoy above Five Hundred a Year ſterling, voluntarily and chearfully bear a double Portion of the Public But then, which to the Poor is now become too grievous, and which to them would be both light and eaſy; tho' they did not give above Seven per Cent per Annum, for every Hundred they were worth, above Five Hundred as aforeſaid.——But I muſt have done, or my Note will ſwell into a Volume. May GOD give his Bleſſing on theſe Hints, and take unto himſelf the glory: then may we ſee "the High and Mighty brought down from their Seats," into the Valley of Humility, and the humble and meek exalted—the humble and meek choſen out of the People.——Then, and not till then, may we expect to find "the Syſtem," the Divine Syſtem in actual exiſtence which will unite us all on Principles of reciprocal advantage, and "inſure general Proſperity to *our* king and *our* Dominions."

‡ "A Chriſtian Philanthropiſt is the only true Patriot," and "*Univerſal Repreſentation* originates in *univerſal Benevolence*, are the Sentiments of the Rev. F. STONE. This truly benign Diſpoſition ſeems evidently to have inſpired MAJOR LABILLIERE, the Author of "a Declaration of the Rights

Friends with GOD live on Earth; Kings with CHRIST reign on high.

A-

Rights and Privileges of the Electors of Great Britain and Ireland;" and of "Letters to the Majesty of the People:" And no less the anonymous Author of the "XXXIX Articles, or a Plan of Reform in the legislative Delegation of Utopia," lately published. The humane Efforts of these public spirited Writers, in behalf of the undeniable natural Privileges of almost every human Being must entitle them to the esteem of every candid, unprejudiced Christian. Might I be permitted to speak openly my private Opinion, I could wish those Articles were publickly Read and seriously attended to, in all Benefit Societies, and Friendly Associations; but especially the noble Declaration of our ever dear and sacred Rights as Britons, so generously given gratis by the Society for constitutional Information; and I doubt not, but their Propriety and Necessity, would as soon as understood, be generally subscribed to, and their adoption produce the happiest effects. To these let me add my cordial Prayers and wishes for the *general Abdication* of unscriptural Church Patronage. That we may know something of our Ecclesiastical Ministers, as well as our civil Delegates, before we permit them to exercise Dominion over us; and that in the House of God, as well as in the Houses of Parliament, we may have the Pleasure and Joy of being witnesses that our Leaders and Teachers, are indeed the Elect and faithful Representatives of their People.

‡ Sold at JOHNSON's St. Paul's Church-Yard. N.B. MAJOR LABELLIERE's Publications, are sold at LAIDLER's, Printing-Office, Princes-Street, Leicester-Fields, and HAWES's, No. 40, Crispin-Street, Spitalfields.

ACROSTIC

On the Motto of the Arms of the Company of

GLAZIERS.

LET us, O God, enjoy thy Light,
Upon thy People ſhine;
Clear as the Noon-day Sun and bright
Eſtabliſh Truth Divine.

May thoſe whoſe Works are Darkneſs know
The Danger of their Ways;
Upon them look, unto them ſhow
A little of thy Grace.

May Liberty, may Love deſcend,
Drop down on every hand;
And put to Schemes a final End
Nefariouſly plan'd.

O give us *Light* as free as *Air*;
Bereave us not of this;
Indulgent, liſten to our Prayer,
Seal not that Spring of Bliſs!

Ope wide the Eyes of thoſe whoſe Mind
Do not to thee aſpire,
Exceed their Wiſhes: let the *Blind*
Unbounded *Light* admire!

Shew them Thyſelf, O Love Divine,
Ah! make them like Thee Kind.

LUCEM TUAM DA NOBIS O DEUS.

LEC-

LECTURE II.

OPPRESSION!

OR,

THE WISE MAN'S *MADNESS.*

Eccleſiaſtes vii. 7.

SURELY OPPRESSION MAKETH A WISE MAN MAD: AND A GIFT *(douceur,* or *bribe)* DESTROYETH THE HEART.

SIRS! The Book whence this ſhort but rich Sentiment's read,
Univerſally merits Eſteem;
Reflexions are in it ſhould live in each *Head,*
Each Line it contains is a Theme.

Let us ſet in our Breaſts the bright *diamond* I've choſe,
Yea, let us examine it's *vein*;
O does it not ſomething majeſtic diſcloſe?
Patriotic, and more than humane?

Politicians to this ſhould with rapture attend,
Remembring it comes from *that* king
Entitled THE WISE; ſhining here as THE *Friend!*
Still his praiſe let *Britannia* ſing!

See the *lion* and *lamb* in his countenance; ſtern
Indignation and *Meekneſs* combine!
O ye *Men* called monarchs, Behold him, and learn
Nobility's proper Deſign!

Madneſs here has a greatneſs no words can diſplay;
Ah! ſaw you that flaſh in his Eyes?
Keep back leſt they kill——if your features betray,
Envy's gall, or the ſmirk of *Diſguiſe.*

This *furor* by no means diſturbs the ſerene
He feels, he enjoys, as a *Lamb*;
All like *that* is the *Spirit* which gives him the Mien
We vainly to repreſent aim.

I miſtake his ideas: the phrenzy he paints
Seems to burſt from a different ground,
Even this; even *Solomon* heard *ſome Complaints*:
Madneſs ſprings where *Oppreſſion* is found.

And what is *Oppreſſion?* and *when*, time preciſe
No *Chriſtian*, though bleſt with large ſenſe,
May tacitly bear it? Did that *King* take advice,
And remonſtrate againſt that offence?

Did *Solomon* hear? Did *Solomon* grieve
And lament ſuch a *fiend* ſhould exiſt?
Nature gave him her Soul; her ſoul muſt perceive
Diſtinctly when *Freedom* was miſs'd.

And when Freedom is curb'd, then thraldom begins;
Grace, common-ſenſe, mourns this is faſt:
Is Thraldom *Oppreſſion?* it *Tyranny* means:
Follow we *Solomon's* Act.

The reaſon he gives why we ought to reject
Decided *Oppreſſion* is clear;
Even this, leſt *Poſterity* on us reflect,
"*Supineneſs* did *any* THING bear!"

To this Friend of mankind—this unparallel'd king,
Repair then, ye ſubjects of grief:
O the madneſs here ſhewn is the zeal that will bring
Your Liberties long-wiſh'd Relief!

Embrace but his ſyſtem of Politics, ye
That rule, but, I fear, want HIS ART:
He purchas'd not power; his ſervants were *free*:
To reign, is to *live* in the heart.

He reflects too on † *Gifts*; on their motives and end,
Eagle-eyed, how his jealouſy dives!
How it watches and guards!---Was a maxim e'er
pen'd,
Equal to it in all other lives?

Ah! he gave; but to *Merit*: whoſe *Spirit* he read,
Read her Soul. O that *George* by his *light* may be led!
Then ſhew me *Oppreſſion*: *cut off*, is ſhe dead?

† Compare Deut. xvi. 19.
Thou ſhalt not wreſt judgment, thou ſhalt not reſpect perſons, neither take a gift; for a gift doth blind the eyes of the wiſe, and pervert the words of the righteous.

ACROSTICAL VERSES,

On Viewing the City REGALIA, &c.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE

LORD MAYOR of *LONDON*.

DOMINE DIRIGE NOS.

RECEIVE, my Lord, this Tribute of Regard,
Of deep Submiſſion, of Reſpect ſincere:
Behold 'tis yours ſtrict Juſtice to award!
Emblem of which that beauteous Sword leans there.

Rude would it be ſhould I attempt to ſhew
The Import of each Ornament of State;
Pardon this Rudeneſs! for who does not know
Each has a Voice to ſpeak its Maſter great?

Could all conceive what Magiſtrates muſt feel;
Knew but the World whom 'tis they repreſent,
How could we view them, and Reſpect conceal?
As Miniſters of *GOD* behold they're ſent!

May each whom Wealth and Providence ſhall raiſe
Like *Peckham* to put on that Golden Chain,
Obtain the Wreath of univerſal Praiſe,
Reſign their Year of State without a Stain.

Does not that Shield* of burniſh'd Gold impart
Much Senſe and Pleaſure to a thoughtful Mind?
Admire that Croſs! there Piety and Art
You ſee united to enrich Mankind:—
O part them not 'till Thames ſhall ceaſe to wind!

PERIPHONEMA.

Riſe, great Protectreſs of each Briton's Right;
O *London*! let me celebrate thy Name:
Faireſt and firſt of Cities with Delight,
Let me thy Glory to the World proclaim.

Oppreſſion ſees Thee and ſhrinks back with fear,
Nor dares ſhe ſet her Foot within thy Wall:
Death to *Oppreſſion*! the Maternal Tear
Of *London* ſhall repel her fierceſt Ball——
No: GOD diſſolve it! GOD DIRECT US ALL!

* The Arms in the MACE.

APHORISMS, TRUISMS, &c.

In ACROSTICS.

I.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,

Did all who rehearſe this unlimited Phraſe
Evince to the world its Importance and Grace,
All our *Churches* and *Meetings* and Hearts would be
bleſt;
Religion and Joy would pervade every Breaſt.
Let us ponder it then: O ye Miniſters true,
Ye *Servants of All*, I appeal unto *You*.

Bear with me: O does not this many reprove?
Expreſs it not *Some* unacquainted with Love?
Let it therefore be tried: O let it be brought
Only home to the Soul, to that *Altar* of Thought;
Virtue then from this ſweet Appellation would riſe,
Every Man would behold, with a hearty ſurprize,
Diviſion and Diſcord recede and retire;——

Benevolence riſing ſtill higher and higher.
Rich men with a pious unfeigned concern,
Exulting in GOD, towards Poor men would turn.
Then kings of the earth would true *dignity* ſhow,
Holding out and diffuſing to all ranks below
Reformation and Equity, Freedom and Peace:
Each Paſtor would watch *for* his Flock, not the *fleece*.
Now, my *Dearly Beloved*, May our Love never ceaſe!

II.

I SPY A BROTHER!

If Judges whenever a culprit they try
Still kept this ſhrewd Saying *alive* in each eye,
Poor wretches before them would oftner avoid
Yon *ſcaffold*; and *Life* would be rarely deſtroyed.

["*Am* I *free from all Sin*?"
Each would whiſper *within*:]

"Alas! 'tis *my Brother* who rattles thoſe *bands*!
"But for GRACE *I* myſelf might have ſtood where
he ſtands:
Religion, aſſiſt me: and whilſt I reflect,
O *Mercy*—— O *Juſtice* my *Sentence* direct!
"This Man may be uſeful: he muſt this time be
ſpared;
"Had I been as mean, might not I too have ſhar'd,
"Even public Diſgrace? His *Caſe* I deplore;
"Relieve him, good Jurors! *Son**, depart. *Sin no
more*."

* *Joſhua* vii. 19.

III.

W——E—M——,

Wiſdom would happily *in* all reſide,
If all would heartily relinquiſh *Pride*.

Learning is good when ſanctified by Grace,
Love's Law is *Kindneſs*:——*Warrant* it each Face!

If all with true Philanthropy were bleſt
Angelic Joys would fill each human breaſt.

Monarchs and Beggars in the *Grave* accord:
Each king ſhould ſtill beg mercy from the Lord.

All men to ſerve their fellow men were made:
Read this, and tremble, ye who dare invade
Love's firſt *Great Charter*, free *un-fetter'd* light;
May Heaven *couch* all who'd *rob* us of this Right!

A *wit's* a feather, and a chief a rod;
None void of *Pity* can reſemble ‡ GOD.

Some truſt in riches, ſome in ſtrength rely;
Fools lean on Mammon; Grant me *Piety!*

Improve thy Treaſure, and ſecure thy fame:
Each day, each moment, let thy ſingle aim,
Look up to Heaven for honor and applauſe,
Doing and teaching all thy Saviour's Laws.

IV.

HOW WILL YOU BE TRIED?

Happy the Man whoſe thoughts are all deſign'd
Only to bleſs and beneſit mankind.

"We want but little; not that little long:"
Would *all* were *honeſt!* Who would then do wrong?

‡ The faireſt Image of God on Earth, is the Heart of a good Man. London Recorder, Jan. 30th, 1785.

If wrong you've done, Repent, do good, and live!
Lo, GOD delights the *Contrite* to forgive.

Live whilſt you breathe! and when you come to die,
You may, perhaps be changed without a ſigh.

O 'tis a good thing to be truly great:
Unleſs kings are ſo, what is all their *State?*

Bad men and Good we judge of by their fruits:
Enquire *at home* which *Cap* your *neighbour* ſuits.

There is a God, whoſe Name let all adore:
Rich men, revere Him: Honor HIM, ye Poor!

Is GOD your portion? then your Peace is pure;
Eternal Goodneſs ſhall your ſoul ſecure;
Die when you may, or where, your happineſs is ſure.

V.

BRITANNIA in Love!

A New Song.

MOST MEN ARE EITHER FOOLS OR PHYSICIANS AT FORTY.
Dr. *Hunter.*

BEFORE we can *hope* to remove a Complaint,
Reaſon ſays we ſhould *probe* to its Source;
If this can be done without any Reſtraint,
The Cure may follow of courſe.

A fair Lady, whoſe Name my Song ſhall repeat,
Not a little lamented by ſome,
Now lies *ſadly ſore*; from her Head to her Feet
In ſhort half her Powers are numb.

A thouſand Phyſicians, nor fewer Divines,
Becauſe ſhe's a Perſon of Fame,
Relief have preſcribed; but a thouſand ſtrange Signs
It ſeems are defeating their Aim.

That her caſe is an obſtinate conflux of Ills,
All her Doctors and Nurſes declare;
No few Fees have been paid, no ſmall *Candle-Light* Bills:
Not to mention—her *Chaplains'* for Pr——r*.

It is true my Preſumption may ſeem rather great,
As all poſſible Means have been us'd:
But I beg, as I'm greatly concern'd in her Fate,
Right or wrong, my Slip-*Slop* be perus'd.

If a Houſe is in Flames, and the People aſleep,
The *Watchman* is bound to alarm;
And he muſt be a wretch who comes merely to peep;
Not to help at ſuch times is to *harm*.

Now I think the Compariſon thus far holds good,
If the Lady's Diſorder remains,
All *Spectators* methinks would *rejoice* if they could
But alleviate ſome of her Pains.

Repeat we our firſt *Application* then here,
In ſpite of *ſcrape*, grinning, or *Cough*;
That *To perfect a Cure the* Cauſe *muſt appear*,
And then *the* Effects may go off.

Now then give me leave, Learned Sirs, to proceed,
No Empiric's gay *Andrew* am I:
I've a Right to *put up* the Preſcriptions you'll read
As a *Twig* from *Apoll.*—BY THE EYE.

B

* *There is no intentionally diſingenuous Sarcaſm in this—— aim'd at any thing truly ſacred and right in itſelf. The Author acknowledges* Prayer *to be indiſpenſible at proper ſeaſons;—yet he cannot but apprehend there are ſome* Chaplains *in this World who would* never pray *nor* perform Thanks-giving *at all, if they were not very* handſomely PAID *for it.*

But—*a Fig* for my *Birth!*—Let me boaſt of *your Zeal*
Ready ever to ſerve THAT dear *Friend.*
If you knew her like me, You'd like me for her *feel:*
'Tis—TO ME!——if *I only pretend!*

Admit me then, Sirs, my *Profeſſion* to prove;
No Secrets I want to keep cloſe:
Nothing leſs is her *Caſe*, I *affirm* it, than *LOVE*—
If I'm *Out* — Tie my *Cue* to my *Noſe.*

And as this is a delicate *Chronic* Diſeaſe,
—Begging pardon for being ſo bold—
Recede, good Phyſicians!—*Retire*,—if ye pleaſe;
I mean Thoſe who *write only* for Gold.

The *Fever* of Love (with ſubmiſſion) requires
A *Spirit* congenial to it:
No dry *Compounds* can quench her *myſterious* deſires;
Naked Truth, naked *Honor* muſt do it.

Its for theſe ſhe has languiſh'd, her Paſſion was right—
Affections like her's ſhould be cheriſh'd,
By all means; for this cauſe;—Whom ſhe wiſh'd to delight
Roſe *from*—and but *for Her* had periſh'd.

If her Love meets not Love; if her Love is abus'd,
Tis no wonder it ſeems to decay:
Ah! Have not ſome BRITONS this Parent ill-us'd?
Now, *Now* may they turn and obey!

No inceſtuous, no wicked *Concupiſcence* leers
In this ænigmatical Score:——
As Fancy has drawn—A pain'd Mother appears
But her Pains are *Love* Symptoms all o'er.

Repeaters of ſcruples erroneous, met
In vain, we muſt likewiſe conclude;
Theſe may all be *diſcharg'd*: then may Creditors get
At their own, and Impoſers be ſued.

Now, therefore, they *ſhow* an amazing Regard——
No Means for *Mechanics* to leave:
Is it ſo? Then permit me, *ſans* Fee or Reward
A ſubſtantial *Preſcription* to give.

Recipe.

Bread, *well* Butter'd, well-fed Meat,
Rayment, Caſh, and Carriage ſweet,
In every part ſhould now be ſent,
Till all who want them are content.
And then let ALL the People chooſe
None but Men of Godlike Views,
None but generous, virtuous, Juſt:
In *Church*—in ſhort, for every *Truſt*——
Ah BRITONS! Shall not *Britain* LIVE again?
Hail, Queen of Lands! bleſt *thus* thro' Time! *Amen.*

Or,

le, Corn, Cheeſe, and Butter, Meat, Raiment, and Money,
ſus'd by the Rich with a Diction like Honey:
t more than the Surplus *each* Dives *might ſpare;*
leaving One *leſs than a* competent *Share:*
ll the Needy ſelect *then in Country and City:*
hat each may divide this Oblation *of Pity.*——
Newgate, *or* Bedlam, *or* Clerkenwell Bridewell,
remove ſuch as ſtill will be pilf'ring or idle:
ll follow this Method, without Heſitation,
BRITONS! — See *Britain* reſtor'd to Salvation!

Or, Individually

Baniſh from your boſom Ill;
Reaſon's dictates O fulfil:
If you wiſh for health and peace,
Take your *Croſs* up, on your knees,
Aſk forgiveneſs; and intreat,
Now, that all may be diſcreet.
Now then make the Nation bleſt,
In you, of one *great Good* poſſeſt;
And leave to Heaven and Love the reſt.

LIBERTY IS THE PREROGATIVE OF BRITONS.

LET ſtatesmen for Power and Privilege plead,
I will not find fault with their zeal,
But applaud it;—*ſuppoſing* their ſtrife is, indeed,
Each *Engliſhman*'s permanent Weal.

Right it is that they ſhould for their ſervice be paid,
Their efforts and labours of *love*,
Your wants to relieve—your neceſſities aid—
I dare not ſuch workmen reprove.

Selected for this, *for theſe things* rais'd on high,
They ought to be dear in our ſight;
How can we but *like* thoſe who conſtantly *try*
Each wrong to ſet *perfectly* right!

Permit me, my countrymen, *Alfred*'s ſons dear,
Reſpectfully grateful, to ſing
Exploits worthy *Britons*:---where-e'er they appear
Record them for every king!

Old men to their offspring delight to relate
Great actions atchiev'd in their youth,
And I in each language could wiſh to tranſlate
Thoſe *Deeds* as the Records of *Truth*.

Independent in Fortune,---*Dependent* on GRACE---
Valour Dignity tenfold attains;
Each *year*, like a Sampſon, it tears from their place,
Oppreſſors, and binds them in chains.
——Friends, I'll wait, whilſt its footſteps you trace,

Contentment it feels: THAT Reward is THE BEST:
Having *Competence*, what wants it more?
Reſpecting *Itſelf*, it wants nothing but *Reſt*—
It *reſts*—for it *comforts* The POOR!

Sirs, this is the *Chriſtian*'s *Prerogative*. This
The Motto an *Engliſhman* choſe:
I think it an *Em'rald*, Who takes it amiſs,
Alas! is no friend to the *Roſe*.

Now let ſtateſmen of this little *poeſy* ſmell—
Strive for *privilege* THUS: and ſtill ſtrive---to excel.

Ex-

Extract from an Addreſs to the People, written by the Rev. Francis Stone, *and inſerted among many other ineſtimable things, in a Plan publiſhed and given gratis by the Society for Conſtitutional Information.* p. 86.

" My Countrymen!

It requires no great depth of human ſagacity to foreſee that another iniquitous loan or two will complete the national bankruptcy. Already there is ſuch a dearth of ſpecie in circulation, that moſt pecuniary tranſactions are carried on by paper credit only, the ſad forerunner this of that extremeſt of evils, an abſolute general want of caſh to purchaſe the common neceſſaries of life. Let me then beſeech you not to delay the accompliſhment of your *political ſalvation*, till the very moment of the arrival of this alarming criſis, ſo rapidly approaching, but inſtantly, ere it be too late, (wiſely anticipating the unavoidable confuſion and miſery of ſo tragic a ſcene of things) ſummon ſtrength and ſpirit ſufficient, in imitation of your undaunted anceſtors, to *join in one general Aſſociation throughout the kingdom*, for the purpoſe of making a formal, ſolemn, *peaceable* demand, that every man of age be reſtored to his right of voting at annual elections of the Commons' Houſe of Parliament.—*Equal, annual, and univerſal Election and Repreſentation*, are Principles, not leſs your right by nature, as men, than by the conſtitution, as Britons. Let every true friend to the welfare of the united kingdoms, therefore ſtrive to promote, to the extent of his ability, not merely a nominal union in outward ſemblance, but a real ſubſtantial union in heart and mind.

I hope you will not be wanting to yourſelves; and that, while you carefully avoid, as you ought, treaſon againſt the King, you will be ſtill more cautious not to incur the guilt of that worſe ſpecies of treaſon, treaſon againſt yourſelves, treaſon againſt the Majeſty of the People, who create kings! in ſhort, that you will feel your own conſequence; and feeling it, act up to it.

May God, my countrymen, proſper your righteous demand to be reinſtated in the poſſeſſion of your long loſt right! Remember, you cannot expect your good Creator ſhould make you a free people, without your own *proper* and *reſolute*, yet *peaceable* exertions."

LORD

LORD SIDNEY's TOAST,

At GROCER's-HALL,

When Mr. *PITT* was Entertained there.

ACROSTICALLY PARAPHRASED.

May each Stateſman and Ruler be true to their Truſt,
And the *Shop* which they govern be free;
Yea may all in *Diſtinction* be faithful and juſt;
Then what Halcyon Days ſhall we ſee!

How happy the Nation, how great is the Land,
Eſtabliſh'd by meaſures ſo wiſe!
May honeſt men only as Delegates ſtand,
Exempt from all fraud and diſguiſe.

Now Amen, to this wiſh, Now Huzza to this toaſt,
Would but every Engliſhman ſhout,
Each Member unworthy would ſoon quit his poſt,
Corruption would bluſh and go out.

Henceforward no Candidate e'er would pretend,
Our "*Vote, Poll* and *Intereſt*" to crave,
On whoſe *Honor* we could not with ſafety depend,
Still he would as he promis'd behave.

Election would then be --- The *general Call*
Be the Voice of the People combin'd:
Event to be wiſh'd for devoutly by all---
Holy ☞ *Parliaments* then would be join'd.

☞ That incomparable Legiſlator *Moſes*, recommended *Holineſs to the LORD*, to be engraved upon the Bells of the Horſes. Query, Is there any harm in wiſhing for that ſacred motto, inſtead of *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe*, to be engraved on the Dies of our numerous STAMPS, in caſe any change thereof ſhould be in contemplation?

O the Laws they would make! --- O the Times we
ſhould ſee!
No murmurs no griefs would remain:
Each complaint would be heard---each *ſlave* be ſet free:
Such Senators could not give *pain!*

Then *Religion* in every manſion and cot,
As the Life of the Iſle would be known;
Nor would the "moſt *Humble*" repine at their Lot---
Diſtreſs would no more on them frown.

Three Huzzas to this Wiſh---Thrice *Amen* to this *Toaſt*
Honor'd *Albions*, now then repeat!
Effects will ſoon follow, our Iſle may then boaſt,
Love and *Liberty's* permanent ſeat.

As the Sun from his *ſtation* thro' every *place*
New warmth and new Life does diffuſe,
Do not *ſtate*-men in Britain ſo emanate Grace,
When they give up *all* ſiniſter views?

Equal Laws they ordain;—*Eaſy Taxes* are paid,
Light and *Truth* are *in all reſpects* Free;
In Wiſdom intrinſic all their Edicts are made---
Vile *Oppreſſion* no longer we ſee.

Event to be wiſh'd moſt devoutly by all,
Is ſuch *Revolution* indeed!---
Nor is it far off, I preſume, if we call
Brave *Convention* our Birthright to plead.

Examine, dear *Britons*, this Sentiment ſweet,
For God's ſake its *Spirit* purſue;
Reformation will ſpring your good Wiſhes to meet,
Every Bleſſing will paſs in review.

Each Social *Comfort* does this Toaſt deſire?
Amen, Friends! *Huzza!* May it all Hearts inſpire!
Recitativo. Amen, &c.

SOLO-

SOLOMON's Advice to his SON!

OR,

THE TOUCH-STONE OF PATRIOTISM

A SERMON.

Proverbs i. 10, 11, 12, 13.

MY SON, IF SINNERS ENTICE THEE, CONSENT THOU NOT.,

IF THEY SAY, COME WITH US, LET US LAY WAIT FOR BLOOD, LET US LURK PRIVILY FOR THE INNOCENT WITHOUT CAUSE.——

LET me earneſt attention, dear People, intreat;—
Exceedingly fearful I am,
There are not far from us the Sons of Deceit,
Uſurping the *Patriot*'s Name.

Sinners doubtleſs amongſt us there are not a few,
Soliciting daily to Vice
Whoever they meet with; leſt they tamper with you,
A caution I'll drop:—"Be ye wiſe!"

* * * * * * — Accept it in love,
Let it penetrate deeply within;
Lo, 'twill guard you from error; 'twill raiſe you above
Offence, and prevent you from ſin.

We mean not at preſent theſe words to confine
To the refuſe, or loweſt of men:
Had not *Solomon* here a more ample deſign—
Excepting no Rank from his pen?

May He who taught *Solomon* Wiſdom impart
Unto me, unto you the ſame Grace;
Preſent him your ſoul—O give God but your Heart,
And you'll ſoon the ſame bleſſing embrace.

Like *Solomon* aſk him—not power—not wealth;
Intreat but for Wiſdom alone;
Vice may tempt, but ſhe'll never endanger your health,
Evil cannot approach to your Throne.

Already perhaps you ſome office poſſeſs,
Some poſt of diſtinguiſhing truſt?
Then to You let me chiefly my ſubject addreſs:
How great is your peace—if you're juſt!

Engag'd as you are in the meaſures of State,
Given up to the general Good,
Reſiſt you not nobly when *ſinners* debate?—
Anti-patriots muſt be withſtood.

Virtue hears with concern when great parts are abus'd,
Enticements held out to enſlave
A nation or body; when methods are uſed
Not prudent, not gentle, not brave:—
[Does nobody *bluſh* ſelf-accus'd?]———

Would to God every ſtatesman was truly ſincere,
How full would our happineſs be!
Our *Commerce* would never in fetters appear,
Love would write on each face, Liberty!

Enquire we humbly once more, if we may
Apply as we ramble along;
Surely none of our Leaders can wiſh to convey
To the rich what to *paupers* belong!

"How many the wants of the Sceptre! how vaſt
"Our national Requiſites are!"
Says the man whoſe peculiar forte is to caſt
Expences of Office and War.

" *To watch, as for blood, there are numberleſs ways*—"
How widely does *Solomon* ſpread
And throw out his line! there is depth in this phraſe;
There is heighth: tho' but little is ſaid.

Give attention, ye Rich, I moſt humbly beſeech—
Oft ponder it well in your mind,
Duly weigh this grand clauſe in this excellent ſpeech
Of that Monarch and friend of mankind.

'When *ſinners*, whatever their ſtation, entice,'
(No partial diſtinction is here:)
'I adviſe you my children,---O take my advice;
'Ne'er let them prevail on your ear:

'Their words are deceitful, their purpoſes baſe,
'O beware of their flattering ſmile;
'They are bent upon Ruin; in their features I trace
'Hearts depraved---the receſſes of guile.

'Eſcape for your life, from their company fly,
'Pollution and miſery ſhun;
'If you yield, your contentment will vaniſh, will die,--
'Too many have ſo been undone.'

We repeat then by "*ſinners*" the Preacher here blends
Each mortal who does not *act* right:
Suſpect we a *ſtateſman*?---Who is he that contends,
Here's no CAUTION* againſt a bad *Knight*?

A

* JUDGE BLACKSTONE in the ſecond Chapter of the firſt Book of his Commentaries ſpeaking of Parliaments ſays——

" It is a Matter moſt eſſential to the Liberties of this Kingdom, that ſuch Members be Delegated to this important Truſt as are moſt eminent for their Probity, their Fortitude, and their Knowledge. For it was a known Apophthegm of the great Lord Treaſurer BURLEIGH, that England could never be ruined but by a Parliament; and as Sir MATTHEW HALE obſerves, this being the higheſt and greateſt Court, over which none other can have juriſdiction in the Kingdom, if by any means a Miſgovernment ſhould any way fall upon it, the Subjects of this Kingdom

are

Any Being inveſted with wealth and with power,
Living not as all Chriſtians ſhould live,
Let me tell you may poſſibly wiſh to devour
Far more than THE PEOPLE ſhould give.

I frankly confeſs, I've no doubt in my breaſt,
Not a few of this caſt may exiſt,
Devoted to *Pride*; in the Nation a peſt,
Ah worſe than the worſt in that Liſt * !

L

are left without all manner of Remedy. To the ſame purpoſe the Preſident MONTESQUIEU preſages, that as *Rome*, *Sparta*, and *Carthage*, have loſt their Liberty and periſhed, ſo the Conſtitution of England will in time loſe its Liberties, and periſh—whenever the legiſlative Power ſhall become more corrupt than the executive."

— "The above is recommended to the attention of the People of England; to admoniſh them to keep diligent Watch over the Acts of their Repreſentatives, and to mark their alarming Conſequences."

"The great Mr. LOCKE ſays, (as quoted by BLACKSTONE) There remain ſtill inherent in the People, a ſupreme Power to remove or alter the Legiſlative, when they find the Legiſlative act contrary to the Truſt repoſed in them; for when ſuch Truſt is abuſed, it is thereby forfeited, and devolves to thoſe who gave it."

* Alluding to a *Newgate* Calendar. GARTH the Poet has the following Diſtich:

Small villains often muſt ſubmit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in ſtate.

To reclaim, is far better than to puniſh. "I am of opinion" if Solomon's Advice was to be taken, as it ought, the Infamous would ſoon be reduc'd to a very ſcanty number: our priſons might be turned into charity ſchools, our exciſemen into ſchool-maſters, our b----s might do for ſupervifors, and the preſent inhabitants of our ſtrong holds might be happily employed in cultivating waſte lands, deepening old, or cutting new Rivers, repairing Roads, Ways, and Breaches, and in ſhort in doing every thing that is uſeful, ornamental, reſpectable, patriotic, and good.

Let Reaſon be heard in ſupport of this fact:—
Lo the villain that robs Life to ſave,
Perhaps thro' neceſſity driven; his *Act*
Regards but a few: but the knave

Entruſted with power, and ſworn to deviſe
Common welfare, and general peace,
Is tenfold a criminal, if in diſguiſe
Oppreſſion through him does increaſe.

Unequal Taxation—or, *partial* Decrees,
(Submiſſively let me declare)
Sinners only can plan: of *Offenders*, like theſe,
Univerſally let us beware.

Beware of the men who are *greedy of gain*,
Should their ſtation be ever ſo high,
They are then the more dangerous, leſt they ordain
Acts *unequal*, and Juſtice deny.

Now 'tis certain, whatever Deceivers pretend,
Complaints of large numbers of men
Ever ſpring from ſome *Cauſe*; for theſe could not aſcend
Were they perfectly happy. Again,

Explanation to give: Should a *Faction* combine,
Saying, "Let us demand as our Due,
"Half the wages thoſe Labourers earn in that Mine;
"And if they complain, let's purſue—

"Let us plunder their houſes our coffers to fill,
"Let us empty their wine in our cup;
"For they are but our vaſſals: we may if we will
"Intirely ſwallow them up---

"Leſt reſiſtance is made, let us threaten the Life;
"Let *Remonſtrants* be kept in ſuch fear
"Of our Orders and Arms as may ſtamp their *juſt* ſtrife
"Underfoot, that it dare not appear——"

Reſolutions like theſe, if great *ſinners* ſhould make,
However gloſs'd o'er or refin'd;
O the *Poor* muſt then look---when *their All* is at ſtake --
Up to HIM who *Orion* can bind!

Supplicating HIS Pity, imploring HIS Aid,
Embracing his Rod with his Grace,
Succeſs will be given; *then* our foes all afraid,
Will retreat, will fly backward apace.

It remains in return that HIS GOODNESS we ſing---
That we offer him all we poſſeſs:
He it is that afflicts: He is Lord, He is King,
Serve but Him, and he will not diſtreſs.

Put your confidence in him, and he'll put to ſhame
Oppreſſors of every claſs;
If *Oppreſſors* reform, and extol his great Name,
Lo his Love yet before *them* ſhall paſs!

"FOR, AS IS HIS MAJESTY—SO IS HIS MERCY."

Curſed is he that doeth the Work of the Lord (or handleth the Word of GOD*) deceitfully!*—

Bleſſed is he that cometh in the Name of the LORD: *for he bringeth glad tidings of great joys, which ſhall be unto all People!*—Hoſanna to THE SON OF GOD!—*How beautiful are his Feet, upon* thy *Mountains!*

TO CONCLUDE.—

Baniſh from your boſom *Sin*;
Render unto All their Dues;
In MESSIAH's Name, Begin—
Terminate your *Acts* and Views.
Ah! like Him, Be doing *Good*;
Nor to *Parties* be confin'd:
No:—His *Counſel*, underſtood,
Is, "*Go, Benefit* MANKIND!"
A PATRIOT art thou? Imitate HIS MIND!

SOLI DEO GLORIA.

Amen.

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